

# THE DIAMOND DRILL.

C. M. ATKINSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Weekly Journal Devoted to the Various Interests of Iron County.

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VOLUME II.

CRYSTAL FALLS, IRON COUNTY, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

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WE CARRY THE

# OPH

MANUFACTURED BY

O. P. HAZARD, DETROIT.

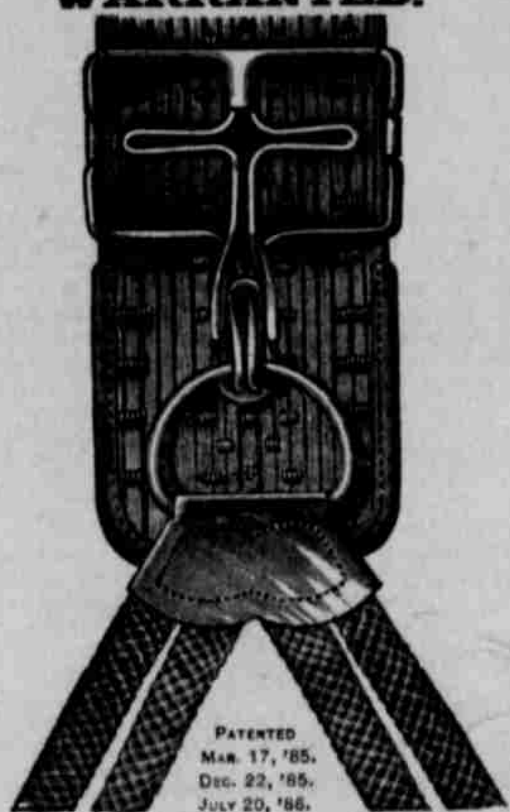
And Every Pair Guaranteed not to Rip or Money Refunded.

BUY THEM

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WIRE



BUCKLE

And you will have the Best and Cheapest in the Land. You can get them only at

# SPREAD EAGLE.

A. LUSTFIELD, Prop'r.

Agent for Tazzy Bro's Shirts, The Domestic Sewing Machine, The Best Steamship Lines, The Troy Steam Laundry, The Eagle Rubber Stamp Works, The Minneapolis Building, Loan and Protective Union.

Buttons put on with Patent Fasteners on every pair of shoes sold, free of charge.

# SPREAD EAGLE.

Have you ever visited Spread Eagle? It not you should lose no time in going and if you have been there you should go again. The famous Spread Eagle Chain o' Lakes consist of nine lakes adjoining, the waters of which are deep and cool and are alive with pickerel, bass and perch. FRED. JOHN, the guide, meets all trains at the landing and has a large number of small boats which are rented at reasonable rates. You can leave town at 7 a. m., and return at 8 p. m., giving you a long day at the lakes, or you can pack up a camping out-fit and make a stay there; a finer place for an outing certainly can not be found. Spread Eagle is but twenty miles from Crystal Falls. Visit the place once and you will certainly like it and go again.

WE ARE SELLING GOODS CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE AT "THE FAIR," BUT DO NOT ASK US TO "CHARGE IT."

## CONFIDENTIAL POINTERS.

A FEW SMALL IDEAS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A Pleasure Trip by Crystal Falls People. A Crystal Falls Lady Making a Record for Herself—A Tough Deer Story—Others.

THE Mining News received a very agreeable visit on Monday afternoon from Mr. and Mrs. Claude Atkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kimball, of Crystal Falls. The party were on their way from the Falls to Spread Eagle, via the Paint, Brule and Menominee rivers. The voyagers launched their two skiffs on the swift-running Paint, at 2:30 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, floated down the stream until night overtook them, when they sought a convenient spot upon the wood bound shore and established camp for the night. The perilous (?) voyage was resumed in the morning, every step of the romantic journey being thoroughly enjoyed by all. Most of the rapids, which abound in large numbers in the river, were portaged, but the male portion of the jolly quartette received a ducking while recklessly attempting to ride one of the rapids. The party camped upon the shore during the second night and made a bright and early start Monday morning. They caught several pickerel, and on different occasions replenished their larder with small game. Deer were often seen, but having a due respect for the game laws, Claude and Ray reluctantly refrained from satisfying their craving for fresh venison. They also met three bears on their travels, but the Brules dodged the travelers' bullets and escaped with whole hides. The party arrived at the Paint falls on Monday afternoon, anchored their barks and paid an impromptu visit to their Florence friends. The editor hereof acknowledges the gift of a fine large pickerel, caught by Mrs. Kimball. The navigators again departed on Tuesday morning, taking the Brule river course as far as the Michigan falls, whence they glided into the raging Menominee, arriving at their destination without mishap, at a point near Spread Eagle, on Wednesday afternoon. Messrs. Atkinson and Kimball and their ladies took the evening train, Wednesday for their homes. The trip was exciting, eventful and decidedly romantic.—*Florence Mining News.*

ONE of my lady friends possesses considerable more courage than several other ladies I know of. One evening last week she was informed of a carnivorous animal of the genus *Mephitis Americana*, familiarly known by the order it creates on extremely small provocations, was prowling about the premises. The lady did not growl her nasal organ with her faint fingers and crawl between the bedding, but calmly shouldered a rifle and marched out in martial time to meet his skunkship in mortal combat. She found him. It might also be in order to say that he found her. The gun was leveled and the trigger pressed, but the weapon was not loaded. The fair gunner retreated and loaded the gun and the animal being already loaded quietly awaited her return. The lady reappeared in a few moments and taking careful aim, fired. This time the gun went off and made a dreadful noise, but the aim was good and Mr. Skunk on taking a census of himself found that he was very much incapacitated for any future use and gave up the ghost before he had time to make his presence smelted. This is the second animal of that peculiar kind this young lady has annihilated and it is safe to say that she is in a fair way to establish a record for herself if she lives long enough and the skunk supply holds out.

CHASE S. OSBORNE, in a recent issue of his paper, the "Soo" News, denounces the advertising "fakir" as a fraud who goes from town to town springing advertising "fakes" upon unsuspecting merchants. He charges four prices for his space whether it is upon maps, clocks or hotel registers. He then pockets the money and shakes the dust of the town from his feet. Advertisements of this kind never pay. Nobody ever reads them. Who is there that ever looks at the advertisement on a hotel register? How many run their eyes up the line of advertisements on maps? These are all stale, flat and unprofitable schemes; and the advertising agent laughs in his sleeves when he has secured his quota of "suckers." The newspaper is the only true advertising medium. The merchants of a town owe to their newspapers support of this kind. A good newspaper is the best advertisement a town can have, but a good newspaper cannot exist unless the merchants give it their advertising patronage.

A HORSE, the bones protruding almost through the hide, to which was attached a "jumper" loaded with what appeared to be a complete logging camp outfit, attracted no little attention on the street on Wednesday, from the fact that the load was considerably more than the horse could draw. Several kind-hearted gentlemen interfered and would have had the driver arrested for cruelty to animals but for one thing—one was afraid and the other dare not, owing to their positions in the business circle. The gentlemen have right ideas regarding the thing and I am quite sure they would have made more friends than enemies had they treated the man, whose brutality was the object of street talk, to a dose of law, thereby making an example of him. Such cases occur altogether too often in this city and it is time someone was brought up with a round turn.

THIS STORY comes from Iron Mountain. It is the favorite story of a young man in the employ of the city, who has told it so often he actually believes it himself. "One fall I hunted with hounds in the Felch Mountain country, which abounds in high hills and deep canyons. I found a splendid place in a deep gully to waylay deer. I could stand on a shelf of rock, send the hounds out and kill the deer by wholesale as they passed under me. I used one of the old 'Burgess' sixteen shot rifles. One day I started the dogs out and took up my position on the shelf. Had

not waited long before I heard dogs and deer coming down the gully—there were nine deer. When they came opposite I began blazing at them and continued to blaze until the sixteen shots were fired, then I went down and found I had killed eleven out of the nine deer, the other two getting away. Fact—A snake story is next in order.

I FIRMLY believe my friend Lustfield, of The Fair, sits up nights studying up new means of advertising his goods. His latest is a banner. He will send a small boy about the different mining locations and it is bound to attract attention. The frame of the banner is of wood, over which is stretched a working man's red flannel under shirt, on the lower corners of the banner is hung a small bell. The shirt bears the legend, "all wool, only fifty cents." On the top of the staff is a revolving sign board inscribed "The Fair." Mr. Lustfield pays as much attention to the advertising department of his business as to any other, and his efforts, I am pleased to say, pay him a handsome return.

I LEARN from an exchange that J. H. Fitzgibbon, the hoodo labor advocate, has bobbed up serenely at Negaunee and will start a paper to be known as the Workingmen's Advocate. Fitz is still at his old tricks and will continue to work the laboring man for all he is worth. It is about time the laboring man "tumbled" to the illiterate, scheming leech.

## IRON RIVER RIPPLES.

Special to THE DIAMOND DRILL.

IRON RIVER, September 20.—Prof. Reynolds, has completed his course of instructions to his singing class and departed for other fields with a promise to return in the fall, on which occasion he will endeavor to see and capture a deer (not a deer) on its native heath. Those who attended his class say that he is an excellent teacher, and are anxious for his return. In addition to his regular singing class he spent a half hour each day teaching the pupils of the public school, and their rapid progress is the best evidence possible of his skill as a teacher. On Friday night he gave a concert by home talent which would have been a credit to professionals. The following is the program:

Song—"Sweet Summer Time," by the juvenile class.  
Recitation—"Guilty or not guilty,"—Miss Annie Bennett.  
Song by the juvenile class.  
Song—"A Baby Boy in the House"—Miss May Sullivan.  
Recitation—"Barbara Frichtie,"—Miss Minnie E. Lott.  
Song by the juvenile class.  
Examination of the juvenile class in music.  
Song—"There is no one like Mother to me,"—Mary Lorenz.  
Song—"Good Bye"—By the juvenile class.  
Song—"Sailor's Greetings"—By the adult class.  
Solo—"Take me back to Home and Mother"—Miss Frechter.  
Song—"Whip-poor-will"—Mrs. Y. Campbell, assisted by the adult class.  
Bass Solo—"No Hope Beyond"—John G. Sheben.  
Chorus—"Beautiful Twilight"—Adult class.  
Solo—"Remember, Boy, You're Irish"—Mr. Seville.  
Chorus—"The Good Lord Wants you Now"—by the class, with a vln.  
Solo—"Flow gently, Sweet Afton"—Mrs. Y. Campbell.  
Song and Chorus—"The Old Doorstep"—Miss Amanda Boyington.  
Duet—"Only a Dream of Home"—Mrs. E. M. Wright, Mr. Seville.  
Chorus—"My Own True Love"—Class.  
Solo—"Her Dreaming Eyes Haunt me Still"—Mrs. C. C. Hanchett.  
Song—"Soldier's Chorus"—Class.  
Duet—"Landward Watch"—Messrs. Seville and Carl McClure.  
Flute Solo with organ accompaniment—Miss Lily Bond and Mr. E. Ammermann.  
Song—"Old Mother Hubbard"—Class.

To make personal mention of each individual performer, would take up too much time and space and would necessitate repetitions of the qualifying adjectives, good, splendid, magnificent etc., and we will content ourselves by saying they all did remarkably well—the young children as well as the old children.

Judge Brown has moved his office on the corner of First and Adams street, back from both of those streets about thirty feet north and west, and will build an addition thereto. An addition to the house means an addition to the family, and the query heard among his friends is: "Who is she?"

M. T. Sullivan's store building has been moved from its old position, near the old site of the Sullivan house, to the lot next west of the present site of that hotel, on Genesee street, and the upper story is being raised so that the front will be of the same height of that husterle.

We are informed that many of the Bates homesteaders went through to Crystal Falls, by the new road this week, to procure naturalization papers and prove up on their homesteads.

Our base ball club made arrangements for a match game of ball with the Florence club, to be played at Florence last Saturday, but the fire in that city on Friday put an end to it.

Phil. Sheridan, A. C. Nash and C. K. Nash went to Crystal Falls on Tuesday ostensibly to organize a Union Club in that city. We have not heard what success they met with.

Many of our citizens are away from home this week attending court at Crystal Falls. It makes our streets look duller than usual.

## A CARD.

To the voters of Iron county, Michigan: The undersigned takes the liberty to announce himself as a candidate for the office of treasurer of Iron county to be elected at the next general election and promises if nominated and elected to serve the people with his accustomed integrity. My record as a business man and citizen is offered as a recommendation.

A. LUSTFIELD.

## COPP'S LAND REVIEW.

Mr. Holman's Suspension Bill—A Case in Which Good Faith Wins the Day.

Mr. Holman's bill to suspend the operation of the public land laws, which formed the subject of my last letter, has not yet emerged from the room of the Committee on Public Lands, where it was sent at the time of its introduction.

Whether it will be passed by the House of Representatives or not is an open question, some members expressing the opinion that it will, while others assert the contrary. One member of the committee is strongly inclined to the opinion that the bill will be defeated in the committee room, and those having the interests of the great north-west at heart should hope that his opinion will prove correct.

A case was decided by the assistant secretary of the Interior a few days ago which illustrates the theory that it is good faith that counts in perfecting entries under the pre-emption and homestead laws.

Lafayette Grim, of the Niobrara land district, Nebraska, filed his declaratory statement May 25, 1886, alleging settlement the day before. He established an actual residence on the land with his family June 1, following.

On January 11, 1887—seven months and ten days from beginning residence—he submitted his proof and offered payment for the land, the proof showing that his family had been continuously upon the land from the date when the residence thereon was first established, but that Grim had personally been absent from the land at work for two months during the time. The total valuation of the improvements was thirty-five dollars.

The register and receiver rejected the proof and refused to allow him to enter the land on the ground that his improvements were so meagre and because the law does not permit absence from the land during the six months preceding proof. This decision was affirmed by the commissioner (Sparks) of the General Land Office, and the filing was held for cancellation.

On appeal, Mr. Muldrow, acting secretary of the Interior, found that the improvements, as described by the claimant and his witnesses, were quite as good as those usually made by pre-emption claimants, and that the furnishing of his house indicated an intention to make a permanent home, and that the valuation of the improvements at \$35 was very modest; so, in view of the evident good faith of the claimant, he ordered the final papers to issue.

From this it is to be inferred that the department will not permit the fixing of a minimum of improvements, and that officers in passing upon the sufficiency of proof must use discretion, and act in each case in accordance with the law and the facts so that justice may be done to all; in other words, they must, like the Mikado, in Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "let the punishment fit the crime."

HENRY N. COPP.

## Dissolution Notice.

(First pub. Sept. 22, last Oct. 6.)  
The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Davis & Brown, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by G. F. Brown, who is hereby authorized to settle all liabilities and collect all outstanding indebtedness due said firm of Davis & Brown. Dated, Crystal Falls, Mich., September 15, 1888.

C. E. DAVIS,  
G. F. BROWN.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE DIAMOND DRILL is authorized to announce the name of John S. McLean, of Stambaugh, as a candidate for sheriff of Iron county, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention. The fact that Mr. McLean has made an exemplary officer during his term entitled to consideration.

## OUR CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

He will be nominated by the convention and will be elected by the people because he will be the nearest to filling there ideal of a chief magistrate. Electric Bitters has been given the highest place, because no other medicine has so well filled the ideal of a perfect tonic and alternative. The people have endorsed Electric Bitters and rely upon this great remedy in all troubles of the liver, stomach and kidneys. For all malarial fevers and all diseases caused by malarial poisons, Electric Bitters cannot be too highly recommended. Also cures headache and constipation. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and \$1 at J. E. Bower's drug store.

## BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price twenty-five cents per box. For sale by J. E. Bower.